THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1537.

Original Poetry.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

[It is not often that we publish our City Carriers' New Year's Address, but the one for this year is so excellent that we think it worthy the honor of being laid before our numerous readers out of Philadelphia.]

Another year with rapid course has passed,
Dear friends and patrons, since we met you last—
Another circling year whose varied round
Our loving Father has with blessings crowned.
Seed-time and harvest, summer's suns and showers,
And stormy winter's cold and darkened hours,
Refulgent day, like God's smile beaming down,
And solemn night, with mystic starry crown,
Still as of old their promised course fulfil,
Kindly unheeding human good or ill.

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE: OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS. A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER II.

MARY VIRGINIA WASHINGTON.

The night of the Old and the New Year—the night of death at the Grange, was the night of new life at the Mansion. Mary Virginia, the child-like widow of the youthful Joseph Washington, deceased, and the daughter-in-law of the distinguished Judge Washington, was brought to bed of her first and only child. Long had the young creature suffered in silence, rather than disturb the rest of the family domestics, whose old-fashioned regularity had sent them to bed, as usual, at a very early hour; and not until amid pain and terror she had partly lost her self-command, did she pull the bell rope, ringing a peal that presently brought her nurse from the next room, the young lady's dressing-room, where a cot had been placed for her temporary accommodation. This matron was no Mrs. Gamp, ...

Our Picture Gallery.

THE QUEEN'S SLEIGH.

Now is the time of year for snow and sleigh-rides. Above is an engraving of Queen Victoria's sleigh—or *sledge*, as it is called in England—made after the Canada fashion. Prince Albert is seated behind, driving the Queen out an airing. We must confess that, if we were the Prince, we would rather be seated next to her majesty inside the sleigh, than in the exposed seat (like a lackey's) behind it. But we do not like such small sleighs anyhow. We like one that will hold easily somewhere from one to two dozen—and never get full. Then there is some possibility of keeping warm, and having "fun." But of course that would not do for a Queen—she must keep up her dignity—even towards Prince Albert, in public. Let all our fair readers, who love sleigh-rides and the effervescing *sixteens*, thank Heaven they are not queens.

Pictures of Life.

ANECDOTES OF THE HUNGARIAN WAR.

From the "Personal Adventures of the Baroness Von Beck," recently published in England, we extract the following anecdotes. We may premise that the Baroness is a Hungarian by birth, who saw her husband fall during the October Revolution in Vienna. Broken-hearted and desperate, she determined to devote herself thenceforth to the good of her country. Her adventures in the Hungarian cause were full of peril. She gives the following account of an interview with Haynau. Had she been discovered, she would not have had twenty-four hours to live; yet she actually placed herself, of her own accord, in the power of the hangman, and escaped unsuspected!

HAYNAU.

I had pledged myself to see Haynau on Danielis's behalf, and my promise must now be fulfilled. I went to Haynau's residence, and, after waiting a long time, was introduced to his presence. He received me politely, and I felt encouraged. I told him that I had come on behalf of Colonel Danielis, and mentioned that he was the father of a helpless family; that he had not fought against Austria, and dwelt particularly on his having saved the royal estates from destruction, of which, I said, I could bring him satisfactory evidence. Haynau said that the chief bailiff of the crown property had been already with him, and had represented the services of the prisoner upon that occasion in a very favorable light; that this afforded sufficient ground for his pardon, but still he could not be liberated until it came to his turn to be examined. This was very satisfactory.

I felt emboldened to present a petition which Kossuth's mother had intrusted to me, praying that his children might be placed with herself. ...

HORRORS OF WAR.

KOSSUTH'S CHILDREN.

ANECDOTES OF WAITING FOR LETTERS.

Original Sketches.

MEN AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY D. W. BARTLETT.

HARTWELL CASTLE.

About 8 miles from London one day for a trip to the ancient town of Aylesbourg, and also to accept the invitation of the proprietor of Hartwell Castle—one of the oldest in England—to visit him in his baronial home. The trip from town was a delightful one, the country through which we passed was like the greater part of English country scenery, highly cultivated, and consequently very beautiful in bush spots.

The town of Aylesbourg is one of the oldest in England, and bears the marks of ant.-qity. It has a population of about 10,000, and yet its principal streets seem but to be village streets; little and quaint buildings abound everywhere, turning to and out, and spoiling the regularity of the town. The Town Hall is the only building of note in it, and that is nothing very remarkable. I was exceedingly interested, however, in the quaintness of the ancient town—there seemed to be in it the different periods of English style between it and London, which I had just left.

Hartwell Castle, which fowlers—for from Aylesbourg, is a place of great interest and beauty. It is one of the oldest baronial castles in England —and one of the finest. The estate is small, consisting of only three thousand acres, but the historical reminiscences of the place are great. It is at present owned by John Lee, L. L. D., the son of a baronet. He is very distinguished in scientific research, and also in the department of law, and is withal a very liberal man in his private relations. He has for years manifested the greatest degree of attention to all Americans whom he meets, treating them in a splendid manner in his baronial castle. Chancing to make his acquaintance, I received a pressing invitation to come and spend a few days at the Castle, and so I left the noisy and smoky London for a single day's pleasure among the woodland bridges of the quiet country.

The Castle has its interesting historical reminiscences I said. When Louis XVIII. came to last home from France, he was then proprietor of Hartwell—the father of the present Lee—was living on another estate, in an adjoining country, and very generously offered Hartwell Castle to the King and his royal retinue. There were two hundred in all, of the company, and they made out to find room for all in the Castle.

At Aylesbourg the family carriage was waiting for me, and we started for the quiet residence of Lee. Hedges, beautifully green, were everywhere to be seen, and choice flowers; and green slopes and exquisite valleys. As we approached the Castle the view of it became more and more beautiful. It was situate on a fine eminence, and all about it were acres upon acres of lawn, and flowers and forest trees. The lights and shadows came over me as I gazed at it. The Castle with its gray towers glowing in the sun, its ancient and embowered walls, its curiously-wrought windows and old doors, seemed to impress one alike with that dim feeling which one's boyhood, when connected with history, can throw into one's heart. For centuries the old Castle has been in existence, and indeed it is so old that no one knows when the first erection of a castle in the spot took place. There are old stations out in the forests which surround it, erected by nobody knows who, it was so long ago.

When we came within a half mile of the Castle by the public road, we turned into a bridle-road, leading up to it, the gate-keeper coming out with all that obsequiousness so characteristic of English servants in the employ of the wealthy or noble. And now we drove through a beautiful oak forest, every tree of which was planted by the hand of man. It was very beautiful, and when we came here through it, for we could see the castle in all the sight before us was thrillingly exquisite. There before us lay the Castle in the Spring-ery, and on the slopes about it and behind it, and to the left, were tame deer, and also wild, feeding sparely, and when they heard the noise of our horses' feet, they quickly and gracefully sped away into the deeper woods. The birds were singing on every limb, the crows were coming to the tops of the highest trees—the white sheep were quietly grazing on the grassy hillsides—far away, and the Castle seemed to be enveloped in the spirit and essence of a beautiful poem—of real beauty!

We alighted at the hall-door, and found the proprietor ready to welcome us. The hall was a spacious one, and on every hand I saw beautiful specimens of statuary, and the floor was of beautiful marble. The dinner hour was fast approaching, and I was shown up into my room in exquisite one—to prepare for it. I will not go through with the formalities and the splendid trifles of the dinner; it was served up in the true baronial style, with gold and silver plate, and cheese and wines, and rare roast meat and plum-pudding! We were nearly two hours in getting through with it, and when we adjourned to the drawing room, the sun was only a half hour high. The fatal hour came when we were the Castle; there seemed to us for be no end to drawing-rooms, and libraries, and dining-rooms, and halls and costly adorned with beautiful pictures, hard-bronze, and statues, and pieces for dressing. Then he took me into his private apartments, and there were worn by the rare old warriors, paintings of the Lee family centuries ago, beautiful women, who existed long before their country was settled, and venerable old heads, and lords, and ladies, connected in some way with the history of the family.

From the gallery of paintings, we passed into the state bedroom, which was occupied by the King of France, when late. It was most gorgeously furnished, and the walls were lined with the finest and costliest paintings. Adjoining it was the little dressing-room where Louis XVIII. went one morning to wash himself, and when so engaged, a messenger burst into the apartment with the announcement that he was no longer King of France!

"You shall sleep here to-night," said my kind host, "and see if your dreams are not a little romantic!"

From this room we passed out into the Museum where I found a rare collection of curiosities—every kind. Dr. Lee is an enthusiast in this, and has made some very important discoveries in Egypt and in other portions of the East. Here were some of the fruits of his travels, and I gazed at them with great interest, indeed. Among other things, I noticed a bunch of oats of the Israelitish corn, which he kept very carefully. And now, as the oats were ripe, we were late for the servatory, where he has the finest telescope in all England, with only one exception, and through it I gazed at the stars—stars which I had never before seen.

The moon soon rose, it was nearly full, and I asked my friend to go out with me for a short walk among the trees and flowers—a moonlight walk! The night was one of marvellous beauty—for the rich moonlight streamed in upon leaf and flower, and made everything almost as light as day. Following an old path in the dense woods, we suddenly came to an opening where there was a fountain playing in a marble basin, and just over against it a tongue stone of one of the kings of England.

"That statue has stood there," said my friend —and that fountain has been playing away as now for three hundred years!"

And there we sat down, and I indulged in reverie. How often where I stood, years and years ago, had the noble and the beautiful stood. Kings and queens had rested there, and perhaps monuments had been whispered of their woes to the foundation in the forest! And when I thought of the lover of the years dead now, of the passions of the remembrance, of the fair and gentle ones who trained here once, as I rested now, in their pride and beauty, I felt almost the sweeping of the terrible power of time. Where are those age now which whispered of love? Dust! The fair forms, the noble, the future, are gone! Dust and ne were there in their places!

When supper was over, I went up to the style chamber and throwing myself upon the magnificent couch, tried to sleep, but could not. My mind was too excited. I was young and aimed to all this splendid show, with no such luxurious associations. The associations of centuries were in large windows, and I could see the pictures on the walls—one of a beautiful girl! I remember her. And when I did sleep, it was to dream of that sweet girl—her paintings, which my brain had turned into a real and living personage.

When I awoke, the sun was high up in the East, and streaming in my windows. I had my meal there with the beauty of the morning. After breakfast I left again for the Butterfield, and was soon developed with its dust and smoke.

If England had no world-wide sights to stand for one I have been describing, she would indeed be "a merrie England!"

☞ It is said that Wellington, the Iron Duke, always ate a boiled bird. A friend of the Duke's seeing it, exclaimed: "Why, it is no small thing to eat even roast fowls in it." "Small!" cried his Grace, "when a man begins to turn in his bed, it is time to get up."

☞ "Come down from that building, you infernal rascal, and I'll knock your eyes out!" "You will, will you?" "Yes, you scoundrel, I will." "Then I guess—open the shutter—I shan't come down!"

QUAKER GIRLS.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Who loves not Quaker girls?
I'm thinking of a fair one now,
With tresses dark, and snowy brow—
All saintly as a nun.
I turned her song one summer eve;
That day I was a poet sure
My heart all life is done.
Oh! had we'er blither sang or May,
No name made the fairies fly—
The Queen of Quaker girls!

Who loves not Quaker girls?
I have a dozen to my store,
With my sunbeam through the door,
Up dark as Ascent Street.
It never spins may be my lot,
In Spirit demure, or either spot.
That dancing foot to meet!
But mankind with white shall be the doff,
A sisterhood league with Quaker Kit,
The Queen of Quaker girls!

AN ALCALDE'S COURT.

FROM COLTON'S "THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA."

A young man was brought into court charged with having sheared, close to the stump, the sweeping tail of another's horse. The evidence of the shearer's act, and of the prisoner's guilt, was conclusive. The Alcalde sent for a barber, and the first act of the court was to have directed the former to shear and shave him clean of his whole head of hair. This punishment was done, in which his pride and vanity lay. This was briefly done when Mr. B——, counsel for the prisoner, financed, and moved that the sentence of judgment, yes," said the alcalde, "as the shears and razor have done their work, the prisoner may retire."

"And under what law," inquired the learned counsel, "can this penalty been inflicted?"

Under the Moses," replied the alcalde—"that good old rule—eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hair for hair." "And on what biblical point," said was the law of the Old Testament, which has been abrogated?" "The 21st," said the alcalde, firing," returned the alcalde, "under the old dispensation, and most continue there till Congress shall sanction a new order of things. —Well, well," continued the orator," and is dispensation so much to be regretted, when a man's head against a horse's tail—" "This is not the question," interrupted the lawyer; "it is the hair on the one against the hair on the other, now as there are forty follies to one wig in California, the inference is just, that more hair of the head. The logic talk is an usual delightfully one, and the alcalde, after a short consultation of sounding words, at times so irresistibly comic, that the crowd encircling the court could not refrain from laughing, rendered the young man's pride. "Yes, yes," responded the alcalde, "I consider of all that, and considered too the stump of that horse's tail, and the just pride of his owner; Your client will recover his crop much sooner than the other, and will imagine, I hope, to keep it free of the barber's department in this county; and with this client and counsel were dismissed the court.

SINGULAR ASSOCIATION.—A RIDDLE.—At the warehouse of W. C. Foster, at Hartford, Rutledge among a mass of furniture and packages that recently left there, was a handsome gentleman, in a sign, of which the following is a copy:—

D. ARNOLD, DENTIST,
OVER
FROM LONDON.

New Yorker.

This is probably the identical sign which he hanged to Arnold when he carried on business in New Haven, from 1792 till the year 1796, and which still hangs in the same room and in a swing sign, indicating that we are about to undertake to identity, it was recently found among some old trash in the garret of Arnold's former residence, and was presented to the Connecticut Valley Country Fair, at the exhibition.

The Greatest Discovery of the Age.—There has just been brought to light, the application of which to the arts will change the whole *modus operandi* of the world. This announcement will be hailed with delight by the thousands who have already thought, will stagger them a thousand more.

The discovery is made by an Englishman, and completed his models—one of which will be deposited in the Smithsonian—and soon has to put in the different European courts. The discovery is a motive power, and is to be applied to a machine, and soon has to put in operation. The machine is a combination of principle and application, that two sons of evolution, and a great many of the ills of life will be averted the world.

The discovery is, in short, to divulge more of this wonderful discovery; but we predict, with the greatest confidence, that in a few months it will elapse before a total revolution will take place in the motive power of the present locomotive system. Indeed, we assert, with the same confidence, that in a few years the present system will be entirely done away with.

This is no chimera. We mean what we say—and time will prove it. Keep your eyes open for the wonder, at present hid as with a gauze only from the public view, and the astonishment—the astonishment far greater than that the discovery of steam or the magnetic telegraph.

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS

Our friends are due to very many favors for the manner in which they have responded to their respective terms and districts. We think it proper to say that we have not been able, in particulars, to return our thanks in detail. But we must now, and we do, return them in a general manner, in open bus, that he has his hands full to simply saluting them. We are pleased to find that our subscription list is on the rise, and that our exertions to make a first-rate paper have been duly appreciated. We have, in opposition to a very common maxim among publishers, refused to make any great exertions to secure new subscribers, we have scrupulously avoided it, and have all our energies to making the best literary work in the country, and we feel that we have succeeded in this, and that nothing is more efficient than show, but the substance of things. We have, therefore, large a circulation, as when we first set them to the editorial chair of the Post.

PHILANTHROPY IN LONDON.

In London and its suburbs there are 70 Ragged Schools, attended by more than 10,000 children. Of these 70 schools, 50 are entirely free, and the majority of the others are nearly so. There are also 20 Sunday Ragged Schools, where vagrant children are taught the rudiments of learning, and 10 Ragged Industrial Schools, where they are taught a trade. Connected with them are 3 Ragged Churches, in which the children may be attended in the bodies during the evening.

There are encouraging facts in some of the ragged schools. Many children have been taken from the streets that homeless it awoke and active, that they have been placed in comfortable homes, and that the appropriate work, relieving the necessities of the needy, and the wants of the destitute, which are so numerous in the metropolis.

GERMAN ADVERTISEMENTS.

A German paper in Cincinnati, the Volksblatt, gives the following as a specimen of a class of German advertisements which frequently appear in the Books papers:

The undersigned, on second daughter, John C. Miller, Jr., has the honor to announce to his friends and acquaintances the celebration of his approaching marriage with Miss Elizabeth Schmidt.

Miller, Jr.
Elizabeth Schmidt.

The following notice of a marriage is also from the same paper:

MARRIED.

This morning was the joyful occasion of the marriage of my daughter Anna with Mr. Henry Schmidt, which I hereby announce to my friends and acquaintances.

Henry Schmidt.

LOTTERIES REVIVING.

A bill has passed the Kentucky Legislature, allowing to the New Castle Academy and Henry Female Seminary the right to dispose of property amounting to $50,000 by selling lottery tickets.

We do not like the matter method of raising money at all. It looks as if the lottery system, the system of so much poverty and woe, were reviving. But we have never been able to discover any difference in principle between the lottery system, and the Art Union method of procuring painting, which is now so popular in New York and Philadelphia; and therefore we do not feel at liberty to cast the first stone at our Kentucky friends. We grant that there is a great difference between the two systems, so far, in their practical results.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1846.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$2.50 if not paid in advance. For 6 copy is sent three years.

4 Copies,	$5 00 For Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00 "
13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00 "
20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00 "

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed to, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live.

Post Masters or others procuring for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Saturday Post, or if they do not wish to do this, to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, and send us the names of subscribers. We have no influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that we have no travelling agents, and that we depend entirely upon our friends for our subscription list.

OUR NOVELET.

The reader will see that it is far stellar a delightful work of interest than any which we have hitherto published. We have also in hand another, which we have not made two bonnes beings who, What a beautiful sentiment is that of the bereaved father and the heart-stricken young mother, when between them kindred and their mutual heavy sorrow, so heavily met and religiously borne! What a picture of sweet and lovely affection we see in the intercourse of the lovely, girlish widow, with her adopted child! What a picture of impatience and disgust we see in the way of greatness and goodness—an unlimited field of expectation opens before us in the future! Truly, indeed, is that of the bard. The bogus talk is an usual delightfully one, and the alcalde, after a short consultation of sounding words, at times so irresistibly comic, that the crowd encircling the court could not refrain from laughing, rendered the young man's pride. the Southern negro character, as a genuine feature of their talk.

NOTE FROM MRS. SOUTHWORTH.

We recently received the following note from Mrs. Southworth, in relation to the publication of a Story by her, said to be made in "Godey's" said paper:

Gentlemen: I have but have now, as I do not take the paper that a Clay suit weeks has been published there, in which my name is contracted it instantly—we have made no such privilege of our own will and—Philadelphia, and one other, is the English paper.

Yours, &c., E. D. E. SOUTHWORTH.

We may possibly add to the above, that Mrs. Southworth's information that a story was announced in the Pictorial would be a mistake, from us—although we were also informed of not such was the fact. "Fair play is a jewel."

ELECTION OF PRESIDENT

BY THE PEOPLE—NO NATIONAL CONVENTION!

Under the above head, the N. Y. Tribune recommends that the people vote for a ticket for President. After opposing all National Conventions, he says:

"Suppose we would you throw an election of President excitement into the House of Representatives? So, as a matter of fact, we do not think it is to keep it evermore out of that House, and to have the Presidential election decided directly from the People. Our plan is briefly as follows:

Have no National Convention, and no exclusive combination of Electors. Let the People vote on either side, but let the claims and qualifications of our own eminent citizens be fairly discussed through the journals and in popular assemblies. Let the Electors be chosen by districts, as they will be in New York this year, and as they must soon be in all the States, which is now, throughout the entire Union, the almost universal practice. Let the Electors be voting ticket. Let them be free to vote for whom they will, and a great many will do so. Let the Opposition would in this manner beat the Democratic Nominee, Polk, Dallas, Cass, Buchanan, Col. Bodine, Gov. McDowell, Jefferson Davis, Gen. Houston, or any other man whom the Democratic party would vote the Electoral Ticket of the party for. Let the Whigs do the same, and the result pressing his individual choice for President and Vice President, and the whole matter would be settled in the manner best for the whole country. Whatever the result would be, it would be the choice of the People. We should not, it would not be a political question, but a question of fair reasoning and putting it in open field, and the best man for the country would be ingrafted. And it could not be a difficult question, for the people would vote for the man who they thought the man of their confidence by their neighbors, and who was the best man for the place. Then a single act of such Legislature, instructing the Electors to vote for the man who had received the majority of votes in the State, would settle the whole matter. The Electors would vote as they pleased, but Gov. Clinton would be elected over the heads of all others.

Let Gov. Polk, Senator Stevenson, or any other candidate, be nominated by the Democratic party, and the accounts received in the next two months from Texas, Oregon, and California, would come pouring in under the influence of the Democratic Nominee, and would be the means of defeating him.

We have taken the liberty of placing the word Peace, wherever it occurs in the Bible, in the Declaration of Independence, and in several prayers, and we think it improves the sense.

As to the new music proposed by the Bishop, we have not yet had time to examine it, and to form considerations. We are not sure that the soul is drawn to music in National Conventions, and we are sure that the soul is drawn to music in the first place, the composition of the Electoral Ticket, and the second place, the choice of a great statesman, and the State Conventions which nominate the Electors, should be made in the manner of the National Conventions. For it would be impossible to adopt any absolute rule as to which Electors should vote for the man who received the majority of votes in the State. Each Elector would follow the dictates of his own conscience, and would vote as they pleased. But Gov. Clinton would be elected over the heads of all others.

Let the People Sovereignty help us to perfect and put in practice some effectual and acceptable plan for electing the President without National Conventions."

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☞ A writer in *Notes and Queries*, says that in some parts of Holland, the people, when a child is dying, "are accustomed to shake it to the door from time to time, and to ask it if it is being supposed to linger in the body as long as a bee remained in the hive after it died."

☞ The bill for printing Bank Notes in Louisiana has passed the Senate. It provides for the establishment of three banks, with a capital stock of $1,000,000 each, and the issue of bank notes to the amount of $3,000,000.

☞ Mr. Benton made a number of her stories.—Friends take long looks once in a while—never too short look, and a great many of the Whigs of the Opposition would in this manner beat the Democratic Nominee, Polk, Dallas, Cass, Buchanan, Col. Bodine, Gov. McDowell, Jefferson Davis, Gen. Houston, or any other man whom the Democratic party would vote the Electoral Ticket of the party for. Let the Whigs do the same, and the result would be the election of the man who they thought the man of their confidence by their neighbors, and who was the best man for the place. Then a single act of such Legislature, instructing the Electors to vote for the man who had received the majority of votes in the State, would settle the whole matter. The Electors would vote as they pleased, but Gov. Clinton would be elected over the heads of all others.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila., Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THE ART UNION.

The Prizes of the Philadelphia Art Union were distributed by lot on the last evening of the old year. They amounted to three thousand dollars, in which sum was included the painting of "Mercy's Dream," valued at $1,000. In addition, there were forty-nine prizes, amounting in the aggregate to $2,000. Thus divided: one prize of $100; three of $75; four of $50; thirty of $40, and eleven of $25. With these sums, the drawer is permitted to purchase or order a picture of the value of the prize drawn, or a greater value if he chooses to add to the sum.—The drawer receives a certificate, and on the painting being delivered, the artist receives the sum awarded from the Art Union. There were 1,873 subscribers, whose names were put in a wheel, and the prizes drawn as follows. We give the lucky names, as we perceive a number of them belong to other States and Districts:

[illegible]

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

[illegible]

removal of General Lane from the post of Governor of Oregon.

Mr. Bright said that no charge had been made against General Lane, except by a certain Temperance Lecturer, whose letters were embellished by the comments of one Horace Greely, whose name and whose paper were equivalent terms of reproach wherever the principles of that paper were known. He examined Gen. Taylor's report of the battle of Buena Vista, in which the conduct of the Indiana regiment was censured, and defended General Lane's condemnation of that censure. He did not believe General Taylor removed him for any such conduct, and there could be no cause given for his removal except his Democracy.

Mr. Ewing desired to reply, but not having certain documents with him, was not prepared, and on his motion the subject was postponed until Monday.

The Bill to ascertain and settle private Land Claims in California, was taken up.

Mr. Benton opposed the whole system proposed to ascertain those titles to private land claims in California. He gave the history of the settlement of California, and of the nature of grants made by Spain in order to induce the settlement of that land. He pictured the aversion of the Spanish people to lawsuits, and their preference to giving up their land sooner than go to law.—This Bill required that every man holding land should make his claim good against the United States in three Courts, and these Courts tribunals of the United States. This was unjust. California was settled about the same time that Kentucky was. Suppose Kentucky had been an independent nation, and had been conquered by us instead of California, would the Kentuckians submit to have their property declared prima facie void against the United States?—and would they submit to have themselves obliged to prove their titles to be valid against the United States in three several Courts, and this, too, at great expense and trouble? He had prepared a substitute for the whole Bill. His substitute proposed that these land titles be first collected, and for that purpose provided for a Recorder of land titles, whose duty it would be to collect and record all the private land titles. This could be done in one year. An abstract of the titles should be sent on to Washington. This Recorder and the District Attorney should examine these, and if any should be deemed invalid, the claimant should, by scire facias be called on to clear up his title. The Bill also confirms grants to towns and cities made by the Mexican Captain General; confirms Gen. Kearney's grants, but reserves for further action by Congress, all grants made by other American officers.

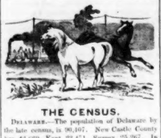
His substitute further proposed that the judgment below should be conclusive against the United States in all cases, with one exception.—He was disinterested in this matter, and so was Colonel Fremont; and his substitute provided that in all cases wherein John Charles Fremont [illegible]

[illegible]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

General News.



THE CENSUS.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

THE COCOA TREE.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, JAN. 1.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

LIFE OF JENNY LIND.

[illegible]

CRAYON PORTRAITS.

[illegible]

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—NO. 348.

[illegible]

THE

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One or more PORTRAITS of remarkable persons, or PICTURES OF REMARKABLE PLACES are also weekly given.

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In conclusion, we may say—that we shall maintain for the Post the character it has acquired of being a strictly moral paper; one that a parent may allow to go freely before his innocent sons and daughters. We need hardly repeat here, that the Post has done more to prevent the publication and sale of immoral works, than any half-a-dozen other papers in the land. *A careful guard will also be kept, as heretofore, over our* ADVERTISING COLUMNS, *that nothing of an improper character may obtain admittance.*

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CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

[illegible]

[illegible]

NEW PICTORIAL WORKS!

[illegible]

Beautiful Poem.

THE DUMB CHILD.

This is my only girl:
I ask'd for her so many most precious thing,
For all entreaty'd was Love's jewell'd ring,
Till we with this our pearl
The shade that Time might fleck I could not see;
How pure, how perfect seem'd the gift to me!

Oh, many a still sad time
I said to sing unto that drooken'd ear,
And softer'd the lightest footstep over her;
Lest she might waken her soon—
And loved it too intensely to endure while she lay—
Ah, needless care! I might have let them play!

'Twas long ere I believ'd
That this our Seraphina might yet speak to me;
Wasted and watched God knows how patiently
How willingly deceived
Year how was long the naming name of Faith,
And maiden Hope used to descend.

"Oh! if she could but hear
For one short hour, the I her tongue might speak
To call our mother, as all other children do!"
That thrills the mother's ear!
Alas! those tiny lips never may be stirr'd
To the deep music of that lovely word.

"My heart it nearly tries
To see her lift her head with a reverent air,
Beside her brothers in their evening prayer;
To watch her gentle eye
To which our lips, as though our words also knew
Their mere but own, as she were speaking, fan
Upon."

"The wishful her looking"
To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
With what a degree of meaning in her eye,
That I could almost hope
The meaning and words' hard to finding souls,
And the rosy parts would have utterance for it!

"The song of bird and line,
The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,
All the grand music in which Nature moves,
Are wanted entirely
To her, the world of sound a timeless void,
While even Silence hath its charm destroyed.

"Her face is very fair;
Her blue eye beams with many a mirthful smile
The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of gold
Ripples her shining hair.
Alas! this lovely temple closed must be,
For He who made it deems it not meet for me.

"Who He the mind within
Should from earth's falsehood learn to keep free,
Even that His self would store and guard for me!
Heard at its inner shrine,
Through that dear temple, with clearer light!
Then should I grieve but a moment less for still?

"Her sense to have a sense
Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play;
Her limb a pictured shape, a gentle way,
Whose voiceless eloquence
Translates all tones, though I had ears for that
That even for *father* would not care for her.

"Thank God it is not so!
And when her voice are playing harshly,
She comes and leans her head upon his knee;
Then, as I look down
By his full eye and I turn subdued and mild—
How low heart rouses with its silent child!

"Not of all gone best,
Even now He could I say no did not speak!
What was it then, I have my eye and ear
And wonders thanks to Him who sent her
Nor mind yet open sweeter
For joy to enter, or love to woo.

"And God in love doth give
To her direct knowledge of Himself,
And not a deeper brightness have known
The souls that for which we grieve
Yet shall it be mated from her by me
Yes, and my voice shall all awake me too.

"When that new strain is given,
What rapture will its first experience bring,
That neither wake to measure satisfy,
Then for this sense of known
To hear the full-toned ardent evening wind,
While angels teach the unknown and sound!

Selected Articles.

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Warts.—If it is popular belief," says Mr. Lennox Wilson, "that the blood which flows from warts, when wounded, will cause them to grow on whatever parts of the skin the blood touches; and schoolmates, who have experimentally tested the truth of this belief, have found it to be true, but without reason. Indeed, there is in truth in the supposition; and if a fresh crop would be produced on a wart that has been touched by a schoolboy, the fact, when it happens, admits of a much more philosophical explanation. The salient idea respecting warts is, that the virus by which they are produced, is also the type of contagious sanitary; but one which will generally, or at least did, not so long ago. It was supposed that the wart was the result of a specific poison, and then healed. Mr. Erasmus Wilson, in that a better idea. Mr. Robert Wilson's solution is made to the cure of warts—if by to bring on other sore, and curing so many maladies at once, then rubbing it upon the warts, and burying it, in a draught." He also says that disease given to the removal of warts, a concomitant direction "to steal a piece of lead from a leaden sheep, and with your wart with it, then throw it down the necessary-house, burn it, and as the lead rots, your warts will disappear." Fortunately we are now in possession of more effectual means of removing warts, so that the charms are left to have lost their efficacy.

That Blister on Having show the Patient is in Pairing.—It is very certain that a blister will cure the on a dead man, any more than on a horse; but there is such a coincidence between the a blister rises and rise, it is a proof that the patient is likely to die. I need not say that many circumstances may affect the operation of the blister, and if we see have no better evidence of approaching danger than its failure, we are bound to suspect that the blister has been very inefficiently managed.

Your Doctor Changes or Particular Friend.—This is one of those notions which, as we shall have more occasion to remark of others, is partly in true and partly false; and perhaps most of men are themselves the chief dupes. Evident a change in the patient. Some complacent undoubtedly, a severe regular periods; and others, which are less known to do so, may be readily observed to have periodically which has yet to be discovered. W. do not, therefore, wish to deny the possibility of nature's operating in this manner, and are far from wishing to obscure the fair limit of nature by blank ignorance in his own opinion of Eternal: dom. It is highly characteristic, even to the medical reader. Dame Quickly says: "—A make a their end, and make an end." A fool loves Christmas child. A parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the bile, to school. A sow, that hath been with the sheep, will to learn, and under upon his fingers' ends. A fox, when one's at point, will stick at nothing. A hot cockle must be first in it, or it will be worth nothing. A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the mouth of him that makes it. A light heart lives long. A deep heart dies young. A fool may throw a stone into a pond, which a hundred wise men cannot get out. A fox may get into a hen-roost, that can't get out again. A friend i' need is a friend indeed. A friend's frown is better than a fool's smile. A good beginning makes a good ending. A good name is better than gold. A good wife and health is a man's best wealth. A hasty man never wants woe. A hedge between keeps friendship green. A horse is a good thing if well used. A house is not a home. A living dog is better than a dead lion. A long beginning makes a short ending. A man is as old as he's made himself. A man of words and not of deeds is like a garden full of weeds. A merry heart goes all the day, a sad one tires in a mile. A penny saved is a penny got. A rolling stone gathers no moss. A short horse is soon curried. A small leak will sink a great ship. A smooth sea never made a skilful mariner. A stitch in time saves nine. A true friend is the best possession. A wise man sees as much as he thinks fit. A young physician makes an old surgeon. Actions speak louder than words. Adversity is the touchstone of virtue. After a storm comes a calm. After meat mustard. After the feast comes the reckoning. Against stubborn facts ill arguments will not prevail. Age and treachery will overcome youth and skill. Age and wisdom are better than youth and folly. Age before beauty. Ah, poor human nature! Alas, poor human nature! All are not saints that go to church. All are not thieves that bark at dogs. All beginnings are hard. All cats are grey in the dark. All fish are not caught that are seen. All is not gold that glitters. All is not lost that is in danger. All is not lost that is not found. All is not lost that is not seen. All is not lost that is not spoken. All is not lost that is not written. All is not lost that is not yet found. All is not lost that is not yet seen. All is not lost that is not yet spoken. All is not lost that is not yet